

YOU simply cannot beat the fine, juicy roasts that we sell. They are the acme of meat perfection. We have been years in the meat business, and we know how to pick the right kind of beef. If you have never given us a trial start right away and be satisfied.

F. H. Milks

Milk's Market

Phone No. 2

Pure Ice Cream is a Perfect Food and makes an ideal Dessert or Refreshment. Always demand

Connor's World's Best Ice Cream

Sold exclusively by O. Sorenson & Son

HENRY CLAY WARD DEAD.

Eccentric Pontiac Millionaire Succumbs to Illness.

PONTIAC, Mich., April 15.—Henry Clay Ward, millionaire resident of Pontiac, and eccentric defendant of suits to test his sanity tried in local courts, died this morning in a sanitarium in Asheville, N. C., after a long illness of Bright's disease.

Henry C. Ward was one of the best known figures in this section and his eccentricities made his name familiar throughout the state. His adventures in Detroit with two waitresses in a restaurant whom he flooded with gifts, were aired in the daily hearing here and earned for him a reputation as a gallant. He had many plans for the development of this section.

Three streets in Pontiac are named for members of his family, being on a part of the estate of his father, the late David Ward, millionaire lumberman. Henry Clay ward is named for Ward himself. He was born in Richmond, Mich., in 1851. The body will be brought here from Asheville and the funeral services will be held here.

In recent years, Ward has spent much of his time in the sanitarium in Asheville, having been sent there as the result of the compromise of the sanity hearing. He was at one time in charge of former Sheriff Andrew Tripp and a deputy in a private home in Asheville.

He was a lumberman and together with his brothers, owned vast areas of valuable timber in the northern part of the state.

Notice.

Now is the time to think about your paperhanging and decorating. See us now and have us reserve a certain time to do your work. We sell wall paper for 5 cents a roll and up. We hang wall paper for 15 cents a roll and up. First class work guaranteed. CONRAD G. SORENSON.

STATE VISITING NURSE COMING

MARY E. NELSON, RED CROSS NURSE HERE IN MAY.

Will Visit Every School, Church and Auditorium in County.

Some time ago this newspaper announced that this county would have the services of Miss Nelson, a Red Cross trained nurse during the month of May. This has been definitely decided upon and arrangements for this work are being formulated by a committee from the Grayling Board of Trade.

Miss Nelson is sent here by the

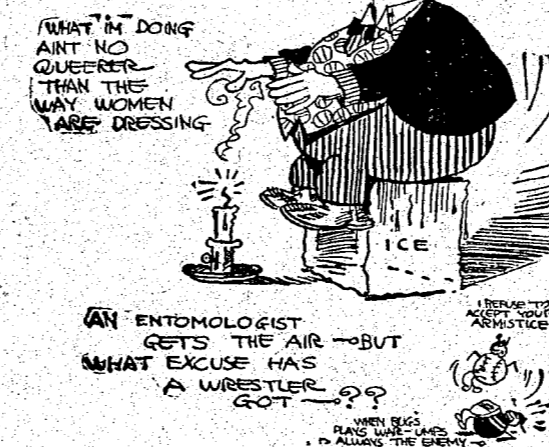
FINNISH NIGHT SCHOOL.

About 40 Enroll for Study of English Language.

But few people in Grayling are aware that a Finnish school for the study of the English language has been instituted here in our village.

There are a large number of Finns on the South side of the river, nearly all of whom are unfamiliar with our language and who are anxious to learn. As a class they are people with fair education in their own language, are industrious and are desirable citizens. These people are here and it is for us to assist them to become educated so that they may become familiar with our tongue, our people and our government, and thus

Rabid Rudolph Says—



Michigan Anti-Tuberculosis association, whose head offices are in Ann Arbor, and it is her intention to visit every school, church and auditorium in the county, and she also hopes to visit practically every home during this visit.

The work this association has been doing for suffering humanity is marvelous and only those who have come directly under their ministrations can feel the deep gratitude that is due them for their noble efforts. Miss Nelson's salary is paid by the association and all that is required of us is to provide the necessary transportation from one community to another and any other little local expenses. In this the Board of Trade have taken the financial responsibility, besides many of our citizens have unselfishly offered their services. And no doubt similar courtesies will be extended Miss Nelson in every community in the county.

The committee appointed by the Board of Trade is planning a county route and fixing dates so that when Miss Nelson arrives there will be no delay and that she may be able to accomplish the most good. We feel certain that the co-operation of those in communities outside of Grayling will be forthcoming. Any information required will be gladly furnished by addressing this newspaper or the Board of Trade, Grayling.

Many people have expressed a desire to know more about Miss Nelson and her work and we are here pleased to publish a brief synopsis of her career in her chosen profession.

Miss Nelson was born in Shanghai, China, where her parents were for thirty years as missionaries. She was educated in America, then returned to China as a missionary and established a school for Chinese girls in Shanghai.

She took her nurses training at Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, and graduated under Miss Isabel Hampton, the Florence Nightingale of America, and under Miss Nutting, now the professor of nursing and health at Columbia University, New York city.

She worked under the New York health department as a tuberculosis nurse in the famous lower East Side for three and one-half years, served four years in the United States navy nurse corps, in the Naval hospitals at Washington, D. C., Norfolk, Va., and Brooklyn, N. Y. She has worked as visiting school nurse under the health department of Chicago, and has done the infant welfare work under the same auspices, from which she resigned to take up this work in Michigan.

Miss Nelson is the first cousin of the southern author, Thomas Nelson Paige, now our ambassador of Italy.

Rexall Dispensary Tablets

will relieve your indigestion. Many people in this town have used them and we have yet to hear of a case where they have failed. We know the formula. Sold only by us—25c a box. A. M. Lewis & Co.

Spring Announcement

DRESS GOODS

Our Dress Goods Line Contains

Printed Voile	Striped Voile
Kenwick Swiss	Dotted Mull
Splash Voile	Batiste
Organdie Raye	Flowered Crepes
Valaire Lace	Plain Poplins, all shades

In our White Goods Line we have

Crepe	Voile	Lace Cloth
Ratine	Rice Cloth	Flaxon
Organdie	Crepe de Chine	
Silk Poplins in all new shades		

LADIES' SILK HOSE

in all colors

SHOES and PUMPS

Every kind of Shoes and Pumps for ladies from the full Louis heel for women of extreme tastes, to the low heel, soft leather shoe for the most conservative women, with every imaginable in-between style—that's what we can offer women for \$3.50.

Emil Kraus

GRAYLING'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE

1915 Model

Maxwell

At Its Price

The World's Greatest Car

Watch for full specifications in this paper next week.

EZRA W. HAINES, Agent

FREDERIC, MICH.

Twenty-Two Years

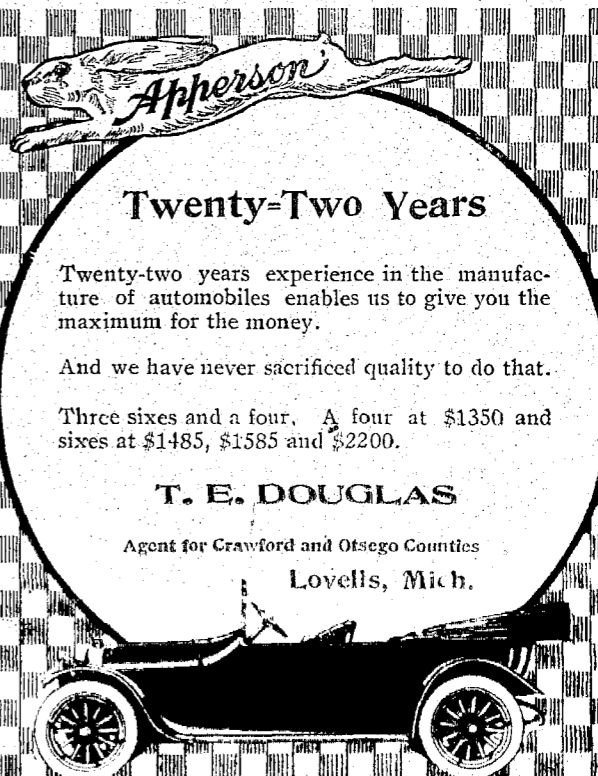
Twenty-two years experience in the manufacture of automobiles enables us to give you the maximum for the money.

And we have never sacrificed quality to do that.

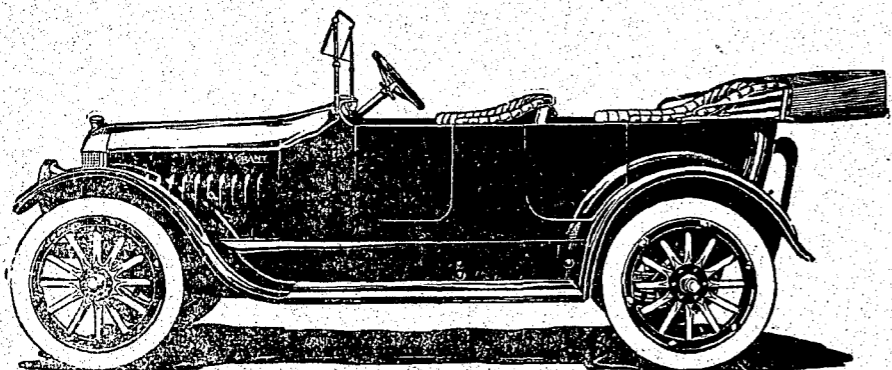
Three sixes and a four. A four at \$1350 and sixes at \$1485, \$1585 and \$2200.

T. E. DOUGLAS

Agent for Crawford and Otsego Counties
Lovells, Mich.



GRANT



Specification

UNIT POWER PLANT

Three-point suspension.

MOTOR

Our own—six cylinders—2 7-8 inch bore x 4 1/4 inch stroke—cast in bloc—water cooled—over-head valves—valves concealed—spherical combustion chambers, insuring the greatest possible efficiency to be obtained in an internal combustion engine. Horse power; 33-36.

TRANSMISSION

Selective sliding gear—three speeds forward and reverse. Mounted on annular ball bearings.

FRONT AXLE

I beam, drop forged, heat treated—steering knuckle pins hardened and ground.

REAR AXLE

Full floating—differential and pinions on one carrier—fully adjustable—ball and roller bearing mounting—rear inspection plate.

STEERING GEAR

Irreversible—worm and sector type.

CONTROL

Left hand drive—center control—throttle lever under wheel—foot accelerator.

CLUTCH

Cone—fully adjustable.

BRAKES

Internal and external on rear wheels; extra large braking surface.

IGNITION

Atwater-Kent—automatic spark advance.

LUBRICATION

Constant level—circulating pump, sight feed on cowl board.

GASOLINE SYSTEM

Gravity—tank mounted on dash under cowl—filler cap in cowl board.

SPRINGS

Semi-elliptic front—true cantilever rear—special alloy steel.

WHEEL BASE

106 inches

TREAD

56 inches—60 inch special for Southern trade.

BODY

Beautiful streamline—deep, wide, tilted cushions—rear upholstery, long springs and curled hair.

FENDERS

Heavy stamped crown fenders, joined to aluminum covered running boards.

WHEELS

Wood—32 inches—quick detachable demountable rims.

TIRES

32x3 1/2 all around—straight side type.

WINDSHIELD

Two-piece—rain vision—adjustable to any position.

ROAD CLEARANCE

11 inches.

TOP

One man—mohair with mohair top slip

LIGHTS

Electric, two bulb headlights—electric tail light.

STARTING and LIGHTING SYSTEM

One unit generator—mounted on motor—extra large battery.

COWL BOARD MOUNTINGS

Oil pressure gauge, speedometer, ignition switch, gasoline filler.

COLOR

Body and chassis, black—wheels, rich red—equipment in black enamel and nickel.

EQUIPMENT

Electric horn—robe rail—foot rail—floor mats—extra demountable rim and rim carrier on rear—tools—jack—tire pump—license brackets—speedometer.

PRICE

Equipped with electric lighting and starting, together with all accessories, as specified, \$795. Equipped with acetylene headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank rear oil light and all accessories, as specified. (except electric lighting, starting and electric horn) but including bulb horn, \$750.

Grayling Machinery Repair Co.

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN FAR OFF NORTHWEST.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—Of Interest to the Scandinavians in America.

SWEDEN.

Complying with the request of the government, the Swedish officers who have been engaged in establishing a gendarmerie in Persia are now returning from their mission, which has made them known practically throughout the whole world. The first ones to return were Maj. H. Anden of the Hel-singe regiment, and his wife, who accompanied him; Capt. V. Zettergren of the Alfsborg regiment and Capt. N. A. Osterberg of the Vasternorrland regiment. The Swedes left Persia in three different groups. General Hjalmarson is the only one who is not going to return to Sweden. He is to accompany the others to Petrograd, where he proposes to take leave of his comrades and proceed to China, for which country he has been requested to organize a gendarmerie. Before making any definite arrangement with the Chinese government he wants to take some time to make himself familiar with the circumstances.

The provincial government of Vasternorrland has reported to the national government on the so-called missionary work carried on by Peter Gustaf Lindberg-Fernelius and Nils A. Hansen, American citizens, and Harald Valdemar Jankowsky, a Danish citizen. According to the report the work of these men in Sundsvall had been carefully watched. At one meeting Jankowsky read a letter which told about the conditions in Utah, and then he said: "There, you see that it is not so dangerous to go to Utah as some people claim in their letters." The entire agitation of Jankowsky was taken to be a covert endeavor to induce people to emigrate to Utah. Lindberg-Fernelius had given lessons in English to young women who had joined the Mormons, which was evidently done for the purpose of preparing them for going to Utah at some future date.

King Gustaf has given two valuable weapons to the Swedish army as an illustration of the art of making firearms in Sweden. One of the gifts is a musket with flintlock by Nussbaum, Drottningholm, Stockholm, in the eighteenth century. Among the rich ornaments of the barrel of the gun are the letters "F. A." which indicate that the piece was made by Duke Fredrik Adolf. The other is a saber made at Abo in 1793. The gift silver ornaments of this weapon are executed with marvelous skill. The saber is supposed to have been made for Gustav IV Adolf.

A fox with a bell tied to his neck has been seen time and again in the woods of Hultsfors parish, Smaland. He is so tame that he will let people come within three yards of him, but just as they are about to catch him he jumps out of reach. It is plain that he is a captive who has managed to get away from his owner. It is hard to see how he can catch enough game to eke out a living as long as his bell warns every living thing of his coming.

The perch in Ringsjon, a lake in the southernmost part of Sweden, seem to have gone on a most successful strike. At the proper season of the year 50 fishermen went out on the ice to haul in the fish as usual. But not a single one of them noticed a single nibble. They are naturally wondering what is the matter. The strike is a very serious matter to the fishermen, for they depend on the winter catch of perch for part of their living.

Very large quantities of codfish have been caught off Trelliebör this spring. A small boat often fetched over two hundred pounds of fine fish in a day. It is easy to sell the fish at five or six cents a pound. The fishermen had poor luck earlier in the season, and as it is to even up the consumption: the people of the neighborhood now consume such large quantities that there is not much left for shipping to other localities.

No more dancing after midnight in Stockholm. The statholder of Stockholm has commenced to interfere with the public balls. He used to be quite liberal in granting permission to run a ball with all its enjoyments way down into the small hours. Now he is getting to be more strict. Time and again he has decreed that balls and serving of drinks must close at midnight.

Maj. Boris Moller of the Halland regiment has again been the object of special attention on the part of the government of Persia, having been appointed an officer of public instruction, first class, just before leaving Teheran for his native land.

Julius Car Caspar, D. LL., Swedish consul at Hanover, who is serving in the battlefield in the west, has been appointed to the position of captain of the horse by General von Bulow, and has also been decorated with the Iron Cross.

Two children born in succession to a family in the northern part of Dalarna had six fingers on each hand. The first one also had six toes on each foot. The parents considered it proper to have the extra limbs removed by means of surgical operations.

Erik Ersson of Mon, Hallen parish, died at the age of ninety-nine years. He was born and spent his whole life at his ancestral homestead. In his earlier years he occupied many public positions and was trusted by every-body.

The diplomatic corps of Stockholm is unique in one particular when compared with the corps in other European capitals. At a dinner given recently by a member of the diplomatic corps the guests were amusing themselves by counting the number of their respective citizens within their circle. Ira Nelson Morris, the American minister, carried off first honors, for it was found that he could muster five real Americans in the local corps. These included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Morris, the wife of the French minister, Mme. Thiebaut, who was Miss Bell of Washington; the wife of the German minister, Mme. von Reichenau, formerly of New York, and the wife of the Swedish minister to Turkey, Mme. Anckarsvard, who was Miss Duryea of New York.

NORWAY.

The value of ships has increased about fifty per cent since last fall, and the shipbuilders have orders enough to keep them busy for years to come. It is known that Norwegian shippers have ordered over one hundred new steamers, having a combined tonnage of 25,000, and their cost will be about \$4,000,000.

Chr. A. Havn, one of Denmark's most gifted artists, is dead after a rather brief illness. In his youth he devoted his attention to literature and published a couple of books. Holger Drachmann took great interest in him, keenly admiring his finished style. But Havn abandoned literature for painting and in time found recognition. His works have genuine merit, but he was a poor advertiser and his paintings brought him little financial reward until a few years before his death.

The Norwegian consul at Libau reported to the owners that the Norwegian steamer Loestaken was struck by projectiles during the German bombardment of Libau and seriously damaged. Captain Handland of the Loestaken was killed by a shell fragment. The Loestaken is a vessel of 5,000 tons, owned by A. Olson & Co. of Bergen.

Those who are engaged in the catching and selling of herring state that the present situation has had no precedent within the memory of man. The rule is that each season has a peculiar kind of herring, such as "winter," "spring" and "summer" herring, and each kind has certain peculiarities. This year the different seasons and the different kinds of herring are mixing up and passing into each other in a most bewildering way. But those who are engaged in this industry have no reason to complain, for there is plenty of herring all the time, now in one part of the country, now in another. The price has been about five dollars a barrel. But there was a sudden drop when the blockade was enforced and the refusal of the Bank of Norway to accept the German mark at its face value also had a tendency to demoralize the trade.

A number of mines have been picked up from the sea along the coast of Romsdal, and people are always on the lookout for mines at sea. The other day some men noticed a floating mine which looked dangerous. It consisted of a round central body and four arms projecting from its sides. As is customary in such cases, word was sent to the military authorities and a captain was ordered out with a number of men to fetch the dreaded object. They approached slowly and carefully, but when they came close up to it and were ready to pull it up it was found to be not a mine, but a drowned billy goat, lying on his back and extending his four feet from his bloated belly. But the warriors pulled the goat into the boat anyway and brought it to its final resting place with a splash that is not common at funerals.

Nicolay Nicolayson of Sande died at the age of seventy-four. He was an able carpenter and a man ready for almost any job. In his younger days he was noted for his physical strength. On a certain occasion he took a barrel of tar to a steamer in a small boat. As the barrel was hoisted up from the boat the rope broke and the barrel was just above the head of Nicolayson. Instead of falling down and crushing both Mr. Nicolayson and his little boat, the barrel was caught up in its fall by him and held until he had time to put it back into the boat carefully. From that time the captain of the steamer always raised his hat to Mr. Nicolayson when they met. Mr. Nicolayson held rather liberal religious views, but three months of painful sickness immediately before his death is supposed to have brought him back to the faith of his ancestors.

DENMARK.

At the Strommen machine shop a method has been invented by which coal tar can be used as fuel at the gas factories. The method is so practical that it has been introduced at a number of gas works.

Crop statistics which have just been published show that the crops of Denmark for the year 1914 were far below the average. The hay and straw crops were light, and though the root crops gave fair returns they did not make up for the deficiency of the former. Of the different grain crops the rye was 18 per cent below the crop of 1913, the spring crops from 8 to 14 per cent below, and the wheat 5 per cent below. The whole grain crop was 33,000,000 hectoliters, while the average for the years 1909-1913 was 38,000,000 hectoliters.

Of the 110,000 men who are working for members of the Employees' union about 90,000 have announced that they consider their present contracts as expired at the end of this year. They are preparing a new scale of wages, besides demanding shorter hours. The employers are also making preparations for the impending conflict.

Reuter's Copenhagen correspondent says King Christian underwent a slight operation April 11, but he has recovered.

CARS CLAIM TOLL OF FOUR SUNDAY

ACCIDENTS RESULT FATALITY AT KALAMAZOO AND CLARENCEVILLE.

AUTOS STRUCK ON TRACKS

Man and Wife in One Instance and Father and Daughter in Other Are Victims of Trolley Cars.

Kalamazoo—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pare are dead and their 14-year-old daughter, Marie, frightfully injured as the result of an automobile accident at an early hour Sunday morning.

Frank Barrit, 48, who was in the car, was also badly hurt. William Sharpless, owner and driver of the automobile, escaped without injury. All were returning from a party. Sharpless started to turn his machine in front of a street car but misjudged the speed of the car. It hit the automobile squarely, hurling it with its occupants with terrific force against a telephone pole.

Mrs. Pare was so badly hurt that she died in the ambulance. An operation was performed on Pare's skull but he died at noon Sunday from concussion of the brain.

Two Dead at Farmington. Farmington—Cecil Cogdill, of Clarenceville, and his 4-year-old daughter, Harriett, were killed outright; Glen, his 3-year-old son, sent to Grace hospital suffering severe bruises, and Stuart Cogdill, of Detroit, brother of Cecil, was slightly injured Sunday afternoon when a Detroit-bound interurban car struck an automobile in which they were driving.

Stuart Cogdill, a machinist, 755 West Milwaukee avenue, drove out to Clarenceville Sunday to visit his brother and took him and his two children for a drive. Returning, Mr. Cogdill was crossing the track to enter his brother's grounds when the auto was struck by the car. It was reported that the car was a second section and that the party had waited for the first to pass after which they took it for granted that the coast was clear.

NEW PLAN FOR CALIFORNIA

Bill for Non-Partisan State Elections Passed By Legislature.

Sacramento, Cal.—Non-partisan elections of all state officers is established in bills passed by the senate Friday.

The bills, already passed by the assembly, fulfill the leading legislative recommendation of Governor Johnson. California is said to be the first state to adopt such legislation. Opponents of the bills say a referendum will be invoked to put the issues of state non-partisanship to a vote of the people.

DAYLIGHT RAID OF FLYERS

German Aeroplanes Drop Bombs On Three English Towns Friday.

London—German aeroplanes Friday dropped bombs on Sittingbourne, 30 miles from London, on Faversham, 41 miles from London, and on Heme Bay, six miles from Canterbury and 50 miles from London. This made the third air raid on England in 48 hours. The damage reported is slight, and it is said British raiders drove the raiders away. The raid is described as the first daylight air attack on England and evidently follows the presence at Cuxhaven of Count Zeppelin.

New Interurban Is Started.

Muskegon—With C. S. Gamble, ex-city engineer, and James L. Smith, secretary of the Muskegon-Cassio-Saginaw Interurban Promotion Co., in Montcalm county, actual work on making the survey for the proposed Muskegon to Saginaw electric railway was started Tuesday. Within a few weeks the first leg of the new line, from Muskegon to Ithaca, will be surveyed and a full report made.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Gov. Ferris has appointed Rt. Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, as a member of the Michigan historical commission for the term ending May, 1921.

Rev. J. W. Miller, aged 83 years, died at the home of his son Edward B. Miller, Friday. Mr. Miller was a Methodist minister in continuous service for nearly 57 years.

Senator Hofma has introduced a bill to establish a "state secret service" by the employment of two detectives who will be available when counties yell for help in the solving of crime mysteries that baffle the sheriffs' deputies and the constables.

Warrants were issued Monday by Justice Elmer E. Rosenberry, of Muskegon for the arrest of A. James Bucius, former chief of police of North Muskegon, Andrew Bucius, his father, and Emil Olson on a charge of illegal voting at the spring election at North Muskegon.

The official "dry" majority in Calhoun county was 486 according to the report of the canvassing board of the supervisors. April 30, 30 saloons, the plant of the Battle Creek Brewing company and two wholesale liquor houses in Battle Creek will close.

Mrs. Emma S. Willett, defeated Democratic candidate for county school commissioner, of Calhoun county, will contest the election of E. L. McPherson, of Battle Creek, on the ground that he does not hold an Indiana first grade certificate required by law.

HIS LIBEL SUIT AGAINST ROOSEVELT BEING TRIED



WILLIAM BARNES, JR.

Court House, Syracuse, N. Y.—With the small courtroom crowded to capacity and the corridors crowded with people, mostly women, anxious for admission, the \$50,000 libel suit of William Barnes, former New York state republican chairman, against former President Theodore Roosevelt, came to trial at 10:10 a. m. Monday before Justice William S. Andrews in part I. of the supreme court of Onondaga county. Mr. Barnes charges that Col. Roosevelt referred to him in public print as fostering corruption and as being a "boss." The case is the most sensational of its kind for many years.

MANY ARE IDLE IN CHICAGO

Lockout of Carpenters Throws 125,000 Men Out of Work and Stops Thirty Million Dollars Worth of Building.

Chicago—Lockout of 16,000 union carpenters assumed serious proportions Saturday, tying up operations valued at more than \$50,000,000 on 4,000 buildings in Chicago being erected by 1,200 contractors, and throwing out of employment 125,000 wage earners, thousands of whom had no connection with the building industry itself.

The Lumber Dealers' association announced that 5,000 men would be discharged pending settlement of the strikes and lockouts. These men have had no part in the contentions between the Building Construction Employers' association and the union forces which refused to bind themselves to a three-year contract, designed to prevent sympathetic strikes and their attendant evils.

The board of arbitration was ordered to meet by Gov. Edward F. Dunne. The board does not have authority to settle labor disputes, but is empowered to investigate and make public the findings.

The contractors, it was announced, have withdrawn their previous offer of a wage increase and if the carpenters returned to work it would be at the old rate of 55 cents an hour.

The carpenters demanded 70 cents. The contractors offered a two and one-half cent increase for the last 18 months of the proposed three-year agreement.

The contractors are pledged and bonded to maintain their stand until every union in the structural trades comes to terms. The terms include an anti-strike agreement covering a period of three years. The union leaders declared that the strike would not end until the demands of the men for an increase in wages had been granted.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

The house committee on insurance Wednesday agreed that no action shall be taken this session on the bill to create an investigating commission to report to the 1917 legislature a plan for the state to engage in various kinds of insurance.

Walter Vanitvelt, 21 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Vanitvelt, of Waucedah, was instantly killed Wednesday near Loretto, by the overturning of an automobile which he was driving. It is thought the accident was caused by the breaking of the steering gear.

Alger county stays "dry" by two votes. The board of supervisors Monday canvassed last Monday's vote and decided that the "drys" had won by two votes instead of the one that an official report had recorded. The "wets" have filed a petition for a recount in six precincts.

President Wilson Wednesday made the following recess appointments of Michigan postmasters: Joseph Werle, Arcadia; Michael C. Scully, Marquette; John R. Santo, Traverse City.

William E. Watson, well known and well-to-do farmer, near Bancroft, was struck by a Grand Trunk train Wednesday night and died a few hours afterward. He was partially blind and deaf, and did not see or hear the train approaching as he crossed the track on his way home to his farm. He was 73 years old, and leaves three sons, all in business in Bancroft.

Fred Baldwin has been appointed superintendent of Flint's water department, succeeding William L. Fisher, who has resigned after 30 years as head of the department.

The supreme court has admitted Mrs. Margaret Yale, of Pigeon, to the practice of law in Michigan. Mrs. Yale, who was formerly Miss Margaret Dickinson, is a graduate of the law department of the University of Michigan of the class of 1904. She is the first woman to be admitted to the bar by the supreme court in several years.

CONFIRM REPORT OF VILLA'S ROUT

U. S. CONSULAR AGENTS ADVISE THAT HE SUFFERED WORST DEFEAT OF CAREER.

LOSES SIX THOUSAND MEN

It Is Believed That the Victorious Obregon May Occupy Mexico City With Little Difficulty.

Washington—Suffering the worst defeat of his life, forced to shoot his own officers to stem the tide of retreat, General Villa is at Aguascalientes, where he retreated from the blow at the hands of General Obregon at Celaya that demoralized his hitherto invincible fighting force.

Part of his army is at Aguascalientes and part of it has fled farther north, according to dispatches Monday from United States consular agents.

At the head of 20,000 men, flushed with victory, Obregon is reported to be pressing the Villa troops as they retreat northward.

Villa's losses in the six days fighting ending Saturday were estimated at 6,000 killed and wounded.

Fourteen troop trains carrying the defeated chieftain and his battered army arrived Monday at Aguascalientes, 125 miles north of the battleground around Celaya and Irapuato.

From the border, too, came confirmation of the reported withdrawal southward of Villa forces which have been besieging Matamoros.

Officials here would not be surprised in view of all the developments of the past few days, if Villa had difficulty in maintaining his line of communication to the American border. The loyalty of some of his garrisons is said to be questioned. It also is said that with Zapata cut off from communication with the north, occupation of Mexico City might be accomplished by Obregon with little difficulty.

ASK NEW TRIAL FOR NEGRO

Attorney for Kimbrough Claims to Have Evidence Clearing Client.

Saginaw—Developments that are considered of importance occurred in the Charles Kimbrough case Saturday. Affidavits have been secured that, it is believed, will clear the Negro of the charge of slaying and burning the body of Rose Laundry, 8 years old, in a candy factory for which he was recently sent to Marquette prison for life. Attorney Robert J. Curry has secured an affidavit of a man in Saginaw county, who knew the Negro, that he was in Harry's picture theatre at 6:30 o'clock the night of January 3 and saw Kimbrough watching the pictures. Kimbrough has repeatedly stated he was at this picture show, but because he had been in Saginaw a short time he couldn't tell any one who was at the same show.

This would provide a clear alibi for the Negro, as the girl did not leave her home to go to the McCray restaurant until about 6:30 o'clock. Curry, on this information, will ask a new trial.

FRANK LOSES LAST APPEAL

U. S. Supreme Court Refuses to Re-lease Condemned Factory Superintendent.

Washington—Leo M. Frank, the Brooklyn man under death sentence for the killing of Mary Phagan, an Atlanta factory girl, lost another step in his fight for life in the supreme court of the United States Monday. In a decision, to which Justices Holmes and Hughes dissented, the court dismissed Frank's appeal from the federal court of Georgia, which refused to release him in a writ of habeas corpus.

Seemingly no other avenue of escape from the death penalty is open to Frank through the courts. Only the state pardon officials can relieve him.

BRIEFS FROM THE WIRE

Wilbur Evans lost both legs and Frank Smith was internally injured when they jumped from a moving Michigan Central train at Battle Creek. Both will live. They reside in Lansing.

The Hague, via London—A submarine sank the Dutch steamer Katwijk, which went down Thursday near the North Hinder lightship, according to a report of the examination of the vessel's captain and crew published by the department of marine.

London—The American steamers Liama and Muskego, from American ports laden with oil and detained at Kirkwall since April 6 and April 7 respectively, have been released and are now on their way to Copenhagen.

Tokio—The cabinet Friday fixed November 10 as the date for coronation of Emperor Yoshihito. The ceremony was to have taken place last November, but a postponement followed the death of the dowager empress. The diet already has appropriated \$2,000,000 for the ceremony.

Copenhagen—Professor Koepfler Ravn, who is regarded as the greatest authority on the composition of soils of Europe, will sail for the United States at the invitation of the American department of agriculture.

Toledo—Attorneys for the Pere Marquette Railroad company pleaded guilty to 13 charges Friday of violations of the working hours of trainmen. Federal Judge Killits assessed fines of \$100 and costs for each of three of the charges and \$20 and costs for each of the remaining ten.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URMER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

They Find War Rates and Crippled Service in the London Hotels

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"This isn't so bad," Warren threw himself into a cushioned chair and glanced critically around the room with its high ceiling, heavy English furniture and hangings.

"But, dear, 16 shillings a day for the room!"

"War rates. What'd you expect?" with a shrug.

"Listen to this," and Helen read aloud a notice on the door:

"Owing to the shortage of help, guests will be expected to make up their own beds until further notice."

"Good stuff!" chuckled Warren. "Do 'em good!" going over to a sign by the washstand.

"Guests will kindly use as few towels as possible. Laundries are now running only part time and deliveries are uncertain."

"Better go slow on your own laundry, too. Now let's wash up and get down to breakfast. Ring for some hot water, there."

Helen started to touch the button of the door, but over it was still another typewritten notice:

"Please make as few calls on the attendants as possible. The hotel is now being run with less than half its former staff."

"But, dear, we must have hot water. I feel positively grimy. That was the filthiest train!"

"Punch away there! I want hot water to shave. Get me out a clean collar, will you?"

Warren unstrapped the suit cases, and Helen began taking out the most needed things.

"Dear, I'm going to give you this side of the dresser—this small drawer and the bottom one. Here's your toothbrush and shaving soap. I'll put them on this end of the washstand."

It was the inevitable long English washstand with two massive bowls and pitchers. A single basin with running water would have been more convenient than all this double array, but their previous trip had reconciled Helen to the lack of English baths and running water.

"Oh, these shelves are thick with dust!" as she started to put some things into the wardrobe.

"Hold on there! Don't take that towel! What'd that sign say?"

Helen put back the towel and wiped off the shelves with some crumpled tissue paper from her trunk.

The maid brought the hot water, and Warren, who could shave with astonishing rapidity, was soon ready.

"Dear, don't wait for me; you go on down and order the breakfast."

"Nothing going—we're going down together," decisively. "Come on," rattling the doorknob; "you look good enough."

Helen thrust in a few more hairpins, her fingers nervously incapable under Warren's impatient glare.

"Got the key?"

They went down the broad red-carpeted hall to the cage-like "lift."

"That room's closed, sir," a page informed them as they crossed the rotunda to the main dining room.

"The breakfast room's just beyond."

Even the breakfast room had a cheerless, deserted air. A waiter ran forward eagerly and seated them at a table by the window.

"Let's see your breakfast card," demanded Warren.

"We don't have any now, sir."

"We're serving only one breakfast—coffee, bacon and eggs, toast and marmalade."

"How much?"

"Five shillings, sir."

"That's a hold-up," growled Warren, "but bring it along."

"Five shillings," exclaimed Helen, "for just coffee and eggs? Why that's—"

"Now cut all that!" savagely.

"Make up your mind they're going to soak us right and left. We're here, and we've got to eat. No use putting up a howl every meal," and Warren retired behind the war news of the London Times.

When the breakfast was served, he threw down the paper and peered frowningly into the coffee pot.

"Can't get a decent cup of coffee in England," pouring out the black chibory mixture.

But this disgruntled mood was somewhat mollified by the delicious Yorkshire bacon and the delicately flavored English eggs.

"I'll not have time to go back to the room," when they left the table.

"Now what're you going to do today? Got any English money?"

"Why, yes, dear, you gave me three pounds on the train."

"Well, take care of yourself. I'll meet you here about seven."

Helen watched him hurry out through the revolving doors. Vaguely depressed, she went back to the room alone.

The next hour she spent in unpacking. In going over her clothes which needed attention after the week on the steamer. There was a button off her shoe, a rip in a too narrow skirt, and a spot on Warren's dinner coat.

Then she made a list of the soiled clothes for the laundry. She would look up one outside; hotel laundries were always high. Her handkerchiefs and gloves she washed out in the basin and hung about the room.

Then came the dreaded task of washing her hair, which was clinging and sticky from the sea air. On the wall by the telephone was the sign:

"Ladies' hair dressing parlor on first floor. Shampooing four shillings; facial massage, five shillings; manicuring, two shillings."

But much as Helen hated to wash her own hair, she felt that she should not spend four shillings to have it done.

In her own bedroom, with the spray

and every convenience, it was hard enough, but here, without even running water, she found it a tortuous process.

Every time she changed the water she feared the heavy bowl would slip from her soapy hands. When they were here before Warren had dropped one on the slop jar. She still had visions of that crashing catastrophe.

Steeping over always made her head ache, and when she straightened up from the final rinsing water, she was sick and dizzy.

The mirror reflected her pale face and dripping, stringy hair. Why did the English invariably place the dresser in front of the window? The glaring light from the unshaded upper sash would make anyone look hideous.

With a sudden resentful strength she shoved the dresser from before the window, toppling over a bottle of toilet water. She could have cried with sheer irritability.

It was not often that Helen gave way to a temper, but now her eyes flared with angry tears. Her head throbbled—she was wretched!

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood and his wife, two old penitents and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son, Frederic, to learn the contents of a will from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the demand for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his wife arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the study, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, Brood's rather confessor, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is disturbed by the appearance of Ranjab, the Hindu servant of Brood. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia to the island to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It is not unlike all stories of its kind, my dear," she said with an indifference that amazed him. "They are all alike. Why should I ask? No, I do not ask you for your story, James. Sometime you may tell me, but not today. I shouldn't mind hearing it if it were an original tale, but God knows it isn't. It's as old as the Nile. But you may tell me more about your son. Is he like you, or like his mother?"

Brood's lips were compressed. "I can't say that he is like either of us," he said shortly. She raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Ah," she said. "That makes quite a difference. Perhaps, after all, I shall be interested in the story." Her manner was so casual, so serenely matter-of-fact, that he could hardly restrain the sharp exclamation of annoyance that rose to his lips.

He bit his lip and allowed the frank insinuation to go unanswered. He consoled himself with the thought that she must have spoken in jest, without intention. He had the uncomfortable feeling that she would make light of his story, too, when the time came for revelations. A curious doubt took root in his mind; would he ever be able to understand the nature of this woman whom he loved and who appeared to love him so unreservedly? As time went on, the doubt became a conviction. She was utterly beyond comprehension.

The charm and beauty of the new mistress of James Brood's heart and home were to become the talk of the town. Already, in the first month of her reign, she had drawn to the old house the attention not only of the parasites who feed on novelty, but of families that had long since given up Brood as a representative figure in the circle into which he had been born.

The restoration was slow at first, as it naturally would be. The new Mrs. Brood came upon the scene as a strange star appears suddenly in the skies to excite and mystify the unsuspecting world. She seemed to have come from nowhere, and yet like the new planet, she suddenly filled an appointed spot in the firmament.

It cannot be said that she conquered, for that would be to imply design on her part. Possibly she considered the game unworthy of the effort. She regarded herself as superior to all these people, a surviving estimate of themselves that most Europeans enjoy; therefore what was she to gain, saving a certain amount of amusement, by contact with her husband's friends?

In truth, Yvonne Brood despised Americans. She made small pretense of liking them. The rather closely knit circle of Parisian aristocracy which she affected is known to tolerate but not to invite the society of even the best of Americans. She was no larger than her environment. Her views upon and her attitude toward the Americans were not created by her but for her. The fact that James Brood had reached the inner shrine of French self-worship no doubt put him in a class apart from all other Americans, so far as she was concerned. At least it may account for an apparent inconsistency, in that she married him without much hesitation.

Her warmest friend and admirer—one might almost say slave—was Frederic Brood. She had transformed him. He was no longer the silent, moody youth of other days, but an eager, impetuous playmate whose principal object in life was to amuse her. If anyone had tried to convince him that he ever could have regarded Mrs. Desmond's detestation and departure with equanimity he would have protested with all the force at his command. But that would have been a month ago! He saw Lydia and her mother leave without the slightest doubt in his mind that it was all for the best.

The Desmonds took a small apartment just around the corner from Brood's home, in a side street, and in the same block. As a matter of fact, their windows looked down into the courtyard in the rear of Brood's home. Frederic assisted them in putting their new home in order. It was great fun for Lydia and him, this building of

what they pleased to call "a nest." Lydia may have seen the cloud in their sky, but he did not. To him, the world was bright and glad, without a shadow to mar its new beauty. He was enthusiastic, eager, excited. She fell in with his spirit, but her pleasure was shorn of some of its keenness by the odd notion that it was not to endure.

He even dragged Yvonne around to the little flat, to expatiate upon its coziness with visual proof to support his somewhat exaggerated claims. Her lazy eyes took in the apartment at a glance, and she was done with it.

"It is very charming," she said, with her soft drawl. "Have you no cigarettes, Lydia?"

The girl flushed and looked at Frederic for relief. He promptly produced his own cigarettes. Yvonne lighted one and then stretched herself comfortably in the Morris chair in which no woman ever had appeared comfortable before—or since, perhaps.

"You should learn to smoke," she went on.

"Mother wouldn't like me to smoke," said Lydia, rather bluntly.

A faint frown appeared on Frederic's brow, only to disappear with Yvonne's low, infectious laugh.

"And Freddy doesn't like you to smoke, either, al—e?" she said.

"He may have changed his mind recently," Mrs. Brood, said the girl, smiling so frankly that the edge was taken off of a rather direct implication.

"I don't mind wor—n smoking," put in Frederic hastily. "In fact, I rather like it, the way Yvonne does it. It's a very graceful accomplishment."

"But I am too clumsy to—" began Lydia.

"My dear," interrupted the Parisian, carefully flicking the ash into a jardiniere at her elbow. "It is very naughty to smoke, and clumsy women never should be naughty. If you really feel clumsy, don't, for my sake, ever try to do anything wicked. There is nothing so distressing as an awkward woman trying to be devilish."

"Oh, Lydia couldn't be devilish if she tried," cried Frederic, with a quick glance at the girl's half-averted face.

"Don't say that, Frederic," she cried. "That's as much as to say that I am clumsy and awkward."

"And you are not," said Yvonne decisively. "You are very pretty and graceful and adorable, and I am sure you could be very wicked if you set about to do it."

"Thank you," said Lydia dryly.

"By the way, this window looks almost directly down into our courtyard," said Yvonne abruptly. She was leaning on her elbow, looking out upon the houseposts below. "There is my balcony, Freddy. And one can almost look into your father's lair from where I sit."

She drew back from the window suddenly, a passing look of fear in



"By the Way, This Window Looks Almost Directly Down Into Our Courtyard."

her eyes. It was gone in a second, however, and would have passed unnoticed but for the fact that Frederic was, as usual, watching her face with rapid interest. He caught the curious transition and involuntarily glanced below.

The heavy curtains in the window of his father's retreat were drawn apart and the dark face of Ranjab the Hindu was plainly distinguishable. He was looking up at the window in which Mrs. Brood was sitting. Although Frederic was far above, he could see the gleaming white of the man's eyes. The curtains fell quickly together and the gaunt brown face was gone.

Questions raced through Frederic's puzzled brain. Out of them grew a queer, almost uncanny feeling that the

Hindu had called to her in the still, mysterious voice of the East, and although no sound had been uttered, she heard as plainly as if he actually had shouted to her across the intervening space.

His father had said, more than once, that the Hindu and the Egyptian possessed the power to be in two distinct places at the same time. James Brood, a sensible man, was a firm believer in magic, and this much Frederic knew of Ranjab—if James Brood needed him, no matter what the hour or the conditions, the man appeared before him as if out of nowhere and in response to no audible summons. He was like the slave of the lamp.

Was there, then, between these two—the beautiful Yvonne and the silent Hindu—a voiceless pact that defied the will or understanding of either?

He had not failed to note a tendency on her part to avoid the Hindu as much as possible. She even confessed to an uncanny dread of the man, but could not explain the feeling. Once she requested her husband to dismiss the faithful fellow. When he demanded the reason, however, she could only reply that she did not like the man and would feel happier if he were sent away. Brood refused, and from that hour her fear of the Hindu increased.

Now she was speaking in a nervous, hurried manner to Lydia, her back toward the window. In the middle of a sentence she abruptly got up from the chair and moved swiftly to the opposite side of the room, where she sat down again, as far as possible from the window. Frederic found himself watching her face with curious interest. All the time she was speaking her eyes were fixed on the window. It was as if she expected something to appear there. There was no mistaking the expression. After studying her face in silence for a few minutes Frederic himself experienced an irresistible impulse to turn toward the window. He half expected to see the Hindu's face there, looking in upon them; a perfectly absurd notion when he remembered that they were at least one hundred feet above the ground.

Presently she arose to go. No, she could not wait for Mrs. Desmond's return.

"It is charming here, Lydia," she said, surveying the little sitting-room with eyes that sought the window again and again in furtive darts.

"Frederic must bring me here often. We shall have cozy times here, we three. It is so convenient, too, for you, my dear. You have only to walk around the corner, and there you are—at your place of business, as the men would say."

(Lydia was to continue as Brood's amanuensis. He would not listen to any other arrangement.)

"Oh, I do hope you will come, Mrs. Brood," cried the girl, earnestly. "My piano will be here tomorrow, and you shall hear Frederic play. He is really wonderful."

"You play?" asked Mrs. Brood, regarding him rather fixedly.

Lydia answered for him. "He disappears for hours at a time, and comes home humming fragments from—oh, but I am not supposed to tell! Forgive me, Frederic. Dear me! What have I done?" She was plainly distressed.

"No harm in telling Yvonne," said he, but uneasily. "You see, it's this way—father doesn't like the idea of my going in for music. He is really very much opposed to it. So I've been sort of stealing a march on him. Going into a chum's apartment and banging away to my heart's content. It's rather fun, too, doing it on the sly. Of course, if father heard of it he'd—well, he'd be nasty about it, that's all."

"He will not let you have a piano in the house?"

"I should say not!"

She gave them a queer little smile. "We shall see," she said, and that was all.

"What do you play—what do you like best, Frederic?" inquired Yvonne.

"Oh, those wonderful little Hungarian things most of all, the plaintive little—"

He stopped as she began to hum lightly the strains of one of Ziehrer's jaunty waltzes.

"By jove, how did you guess? Why, it's my favorite. I love it, Yvonne."

As they descended in the elevator, Frederic, unable to contain himself, burst out rapturously:

"By jove, Yvonne, it will be fun, coming over here every day or so for a little music, won't it? I can't tell you how happy I shall be."

"It is time you were happy," said she, looking straight ahead, and many days passed before he had an inkling of all that lay behind her remark.

As they entered the house, Jones met them in the hall.

"Mr. Brood telephoned that he will be late, madam. He is at the customs office about the boxes."

"There will be five or six in for tea, Jones. You may serve it in Mr. Brood's study."

A look of surprise flitted across the butler's impassive face. "Yes, madam." For a moment he had doubted his hearing.

"And ask Ranjab to put away Mr. Brood's writing material and reference books."

"I shall attend to it myself, madam. Ranjab went out with Mr. Brood."

"Went out?" exclaimed Yvonne, rigid.

Frederic turned upon the butler in a flash. "You must be mistaken, Jones," he said sharply.

"I think not, sir. They went away together in the automobile. He has not returned."

A long look of wonder and perplexity passed between young Brood and his stepmother.

She laughed suddenly and unnaturally. Without a word she started up the stairs. He followed her slowly, his puzzled eyes fixed on the graceful figure ahead. At the upper landing she stopped. Her hand grasped the railing with rigid intensity.

Ranjab emerged from the shadows at the end of the hall. He bowed very deeply.

"The master's books and papers have been removed, sahibah. The study is in order."

CHAPTER VII.

Ranjab the Hindu.

The two old men, long since relegated to a somewhat self-imposed oblivion, on a certain night discussed, as usual, the affairs of the household in the privacy of their room on the third floor remote, not, however, without first convincing themselves that the shadowy Ranjab was nowhere within range of their croaking undertones. From the proscribed regions down stairs came the faint sounds of a piano and the intermittent chatter of many voices. Someone was playing "La Paloma."

These new days were not like the old ones. Once they had enjoyed, even commanded, the full freedom of the house. It had been their privilege, their prerogative, to enter into every social undertaking that was planned; in fact, they had come to regard themselves as hosts, or, at the very least, guests of honor on such occasions. They had a joyous way of lifting the responsibility of conversation from everyone else, and he it said to their credit, there was no subject on which they could not talk with decision and fluency, and without knowing anything about it, or not.

And nowadays it was different. They were not permitted to appear when guests were in the house. The sumptuous dinners—of which they heard something from the servants—were no longer graced by their presence. They were amazed and not a little irritated to observe, by listening at the head of the stairs, that the unfortunate guests, whoever they were, always seemed to be enjoying themselves. They couldn't, for the life of them, understand how such a condition was possible.

Brood had been working rather steadily at his journal during the past two or three weeks. He had reached a point in the history where his own memory was somewhat vague, and had been obliged to call upon his old comrades to supply the facts. For several nights they had sat with him, going over the scenes connected with their earliest acquaintance—those black days in Calcutta. Lydia had brought over her father's notes and certain transcripts of letters he had written to her mother before their marriage. The four of them were putting those notes and narratives into chronological order. Brood, after three months of married life and vitality, suddenly had decided to devote himself almost entirely to the completion of the journal.

He denied himself the theater, the opera and kindred features of the passing show, and as he preferred to entertain rather than to be entertained, seldom found it necessary to go into the homes of other people. Yvonne made no protest. She merely pressed Frederic into service as an escort when she desired to go about, and thought nothing of it. Whether this arrangement pleased James Brood time will show. He, too, appeared to think nothing of it.

The Hindu had returned to the corner of his mouth, however, and the old, hard look to his eyes. And there were times when he spoke harshly to his son, times when he purposely humbled him in the presence of others without apparent reason.

On this particular night, Yvonne had asked a few people in for dinner. They were people whom Brood liked especially well, but who did not appeal to her at all. As a matter of fact, they bored her. She appeared to be happy in pleasing him, however. When she told him that they were coming, he favored her with a dry, rather impersonal smile, and asked, with whimsical good humor, why she chose to punish herself for the sins of his youth. She laid her cheek against his and purred! For a moment he held his breath. Then the fire in his blood leaped into flame. He clasped the slim, adorable body in his strong arms and crushed her against his breast. She kissed him and he was again the fierce, eager, unsated lover. It was one of their wonderful imperishable moments, moments that brought oblivion. Then, as he frequently did of late he held her off at arm's length and searched her velvety eyes with a gaze that seemed to drag the very secrets out of her soul. She went deathly white and shivered. He took his hands from her shoulders and smiled. She came back into his arms like a dumb thing seeking protection, and continued to tremble as if frightened.

When company was being entertained downstairs Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs, with a fidelity to convention that was almost pitiful, invariably donned their evening clothes. They considered themselves remotely connected with the festivities, and, that being the case, the least they could do was to "dress up." Moreover, they dressed with great care and deliberation. There was always the chance that they might be asked to come down, or, what was even more important, Mrs. Brood might happen to encounter them in the upper hall, and in that event it was imperative that she should be made to realize how stupid she had been.

Usually at nine o'clock they strolled into the study and smoked one of Brood's cigars with the gusto of real guests. It was their habit to saunter about the room, inspecting the treasures with critical, appraising eyes, very much as if they had never seen them before. They even handled some of the familiar objects with an air of bewilderment that would have done credit to a Cook's tourist. It was also a habit of theirs to try the doors of a large teakwood cabinet in one corner of the room. The doors always were locked, and they sighed with patient doggedness. Some day, however, Ranjab would forget to lock those doors, and then—

"Joe," Mr. Dawes, after he had tried the doors on this particular occasion, "I made a terrible mistake in letting poor Jim get married again. I'll never forgive myself." He had said this at least a hundred times during the past three months. Sometimes he cried over it, but never until he had found that the cabinet doors were locked.

"I wish Jack Desmond had lived," mused the other, paying no attention to the egotism. "He would have put a stop to this fool marriage."

They sat down and pondered.

"Jim's getting mighty cranky of late," ruminated Dawes, puffing away at his unlighted cigar. "It's a caution the way he snags Freddy off these days. He—he hates that boy, Joe."

"Sh! Not so loud!"

"Confound you, don't you know a whisper when you hear it?" demanded Dawes, who, in truth, had whispered.

Another potential silence. "Freddy goes about with her a good deal more than he ought to," said Riggs at last. "They're together two-thirds of the



Crushed Her Against His Breast.

time. Why—why, he heels her like a trained dog. Playing the planner morning, noon and night, and out driving, and going to the theater and—"

"We've a notion to tell Jim he ought to put a stop to it," said the other. "It makes me sick."

"Jim'll do it without being told one of these days, so you keep out of it. Say, have you noticed how peaked Lydia's looking these days? She's not the same girl, Dan, not the same girl. Something's wrong." He shook his head gloomily.

"It's that doggone woman," announced Dawes explosively, and then looked over his shoulder with apprehension in his bleary eyes. A sigh of relief escaped him.

"She's got no business coming in between Lydia and Freddy," said Riggs. "Looks as though she's just set on busting it up. What can she possibly have against poor little Lydia? She's good enough for Freddy. Too good, by hoke! Specially when you stop to think."

Dawes glared at him. "Now don't begin gossiping. You're as bad as an old woman."

"Thinking ain't gossiping, confound you. If I wanted to gossip I'd up and say flatly that Jim Brood knows down in his soul that Freddy is no son of his. He—"

"You've never heard him say so, Joe."

"No, but I can put two and two together. I'm no fool."

"I'd advise you to shut up."

"Oh, you would, would you?" with vast scorn. "I'd like to know who it was that talked to Mrs. Desmond about it. Who put it into her head that Jim doubts—"

"Well, didn't she say I was a lying old busybody?" snapped Danbury triumphantly. "Didn't she call me down, eh? I'd like to know what more you could expect than that. Didn't she make me take back everything I said?"

"She did," said Riggs, with conviction. "And I believe she would have thrashed you if she'd been a man, just as she said she would. And didn't I advise her to do it anyway, on the ground that you're an old woman and—"

"That's got nothing to do with the present case," interrupted Dawes hastily. "What was ought to be thinking about now is how to get rid of this woman that's come in here to wreck our home. She's an interloper. She's a foreigner. She—"

Mr. Dawes leaned a little closer. "I wonder how Mrs. Desmond likes having her over there playing the piano every afternoon with Freddy while Lydia's over here copying things for Jim, and working her poor little head off. Ever stop to think about that?"

"I think about it all the time. And, by thunder, I'm not the only one who

does, either. Jim thinks a good deal and so does Lydia. It's a darned—"

Mr. Riggs happened to look up at that instant. Ranjab was standing in front of him, his arms folded across his breast, in the habitual pose of the Hindu who waits. The man was dressed in the costume of a high-caste Brahmin; the commonplace garments of the Occident had been laid aside, and in their place were the vivid, dazzling colors of India, from the bejeweled sandals to the turban which crowned his swarthy brow and gleamed with rubies and sapphires uncounted. Mr. Riggs' mouth remained open as he stared blankly at this ghost of another day. He since the old days in India had not seen Ranjab in native garb, and even then he was far from being the resplendent creature of tonight, for Ranjab in his home land was a poor man and without distinction.

"Am I awake?" exclaimed Mr. Riggs in such an awful voice that Mr. Dawes gave over staring at the cabinet and favored him with an impatient kick on the ankle.

"I guess that'll wake you up it—"

and then he saw the Hindu. "Ranjab!" cooed from his lips.

Ranjab was smiling, and when he smiled his dark face was a joy to behold. His white teeth gleamed and his sometimes unfeeling eyes sparkled with delight. He liked the two old men. They had stood, with Brood between him and grave peril far back in the old days when even the faintest gleam of hope apparently had been blotted out.

"Behold," he cried, magnificently spreading his arms. "I am made glorious! See before you the prince of magic! See! With a swift, dart movement he snatched the half-smoked cigar from the limp fingers of Mr. Riggs and, first holding it before their blinking eyes, tossed it into the air. It disappeared!

"Well, of all the—"

beginning of the story, which presents itself as an old one. It is that of a life into which God entered—the life of one who was a true representative of man under the curse of sin. Rebekah instructed Jacob to obtain the blessing of Abraham through deceit and the sin which brought its curse. A mother lost both of her sons and Jacob, because of the kindness of the kindred, was spared the wrath of Esau, is an exile from home. Weary in body, writhed in spirit, he lies down to sleep a stone for his pillow; the vaulted heavens for his canopy. In the darkness of the night, the consciousness of sin steals over him and a guilty conscience gives uneasy rest. He felt that the sin which separated him from his father's home, must separate him from his father's God.

It is at such times, when one is truly awakened to a sense of sin in himself, that God can and will manifest his grace. Jacob had no sense of worthiness; on the contrary, his conscience condemned him as a guilty sinner before God. It was then that God broke open the heavens and out of the depths of love disclosed the ladder of grace which reached the man in need; at its summit God, surrounded by the glory and brightness of heaven; at its base, poor wayward Jacob, shrouded in darkness; and ascending and descending, the angels of God. Is not this a true picture of God's grace as manifested through Christ who is the ladder reaching from God to needy man.

Loved Ones at the Bottom.

Years ago, an explosion in a coal mine hurried many souls into eternity. A great crowd gathered, appalled by the terrible calamity. It could not be ascertained who had been killed, or wounded, or who were still exposed alive to the fire which was advancing in every direction. Where was the man willing to imperil his life by descending into the pit? A person of influence succeeded in gaining the attention of the throng, and asked if any were ready to face death by entering the mine. Instantly a number stepped forward. "But," said a Christian, who witnessed the thrilling scene, "I noticed that none volunteered, except those who had loved ones at the bottom."

Just so it was with him, who left the throne of glory and the courts of heaven to come to our relief. What it cost him to make the descent from such a height to such a depth, we shall not fully know throughout eternity, but we know now that he would never have descended, if he had not loved ones at the bottom.

The Word of Grace.

God did not leave Jacob, perplexed by the vision, but spoke to him the word of grace: "I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father."

For ten minutes he astonished the old men with the mysterious feats of the Indian fakir. They waxed enthusiastic.

"Going to do all the old tricks?" cried Mr. Riggs eagerly. "By George, I'd like to see 'em again, wouldn't you, Dan? I'm glad we've got our good clothes on. Now you see what comes of always being prepared for—"

"Sorry, sahib, but the master has request me to entertain you before the guests come up. Coffee is to be served here."

"That means we'll have to clear out?" said Riggs, slowly.

"But see!" cried Ranjab, genuinely sorry for them. He became enthusiastic once more. "See! I shall do them all—and better, too, for you."

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Have the Vigor of Health

To the young man embarking on a business career—Success comes faster to the man of health—provided he looks and acts it—then to the man with a weak and run-down system.

A healthy skin, bright eyes, clear brain and the resulting energy will win out anywhere—it means snap and vigor in abundance.

If your blood is impoverished, the skin blotchy, the eyes dull and strained, you will do well to correct the fault.

Nyal's Hot Springs Blood Remedy

will do that very thing

—supplies new blood, new nourishment, cleanses the blood of all impurities, acts as a general tonic, gives you a better appetite, aids digestion and makes you feel like new. Large bottle for \$1

We expect to be here in business a good many years. The only way we can do it is by treating everybody right. That's our policy.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Phone No. 1.

Grayling, Michigan

Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months......75
Three Months......40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APRIL 22

Local News

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mason last Saturday, a daughter.

Mrs. George L. Alexander is spending the week in Detroit and Saginaw.

C. C. Wescott of Ewen was in the city over Sunday visiting relatives and friends.

E. F. Matson has remodeled his barber shop, over the Collins restaurant, by having it enlarged, repapered and painted; and has put in a new chair and expects to engage another barber.

Henry DeWaele of the DeWaele & Son's grocery, has moved his family here from Roscommon. They are occupying the residence recently vacated by John Scott and family on Chestnut street.

Joe Churchill of West Branch was in the city the first of the week cleaning chimneys.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hendrie returned home Tuesday from a several day's visit in Bay City.

Rasmus Hanson has been elected one of the directors in the First National and the Bay County Savings banks of Bay City.

Call and see the chemical toilet, no water, no sewer needed; perfectly sanitary. Passed by the State Board of Health. At Deckrow's.

Miss Lilian Bates today for West Branch to be the guest of Miss Joan Sherman until Saturday. Miss Sherman is directing the play "Miss Cherryblossom" at West Branch to be staged this evening and tomorrow evening.

In a 15-round boxing match at Pinconning last week Wednesday night "Jim" Cuthbertson, of this city, won a decision over the well known Joe Nasser of Saginaw. Winning this bout puts Cuthbertson in a class to meet some of the best men in the state.

The county Board of Supervisors convened Tuesday afternoon and elected Charles Craven, supervisor of Frederic township, chairman. They expect to finish the work of this session this afternoon. Look for the proceedings in this paper next week.

Mrs. Wm. Kuster visited her parents at Lewiston last week.

Mrs. Herbert Hutchins of Gaylord is a guest of Mrs. Robert Ebel for the remainder of the week.

Mrs. E. Sargent of Cheboygan was in the city Monday receiving treatment at Mercy hospital.

Our Citizen's band serenaded the different business places Tuesday evening and rendered some fine selections.

Dan Moshier has purchased the lot between the "Goupil" and William McCullough properties on Cedar St., from O. Palmer. He expects to build there this summer.

Mrs. Rasmus Hanson is ill with la grip at Saginaw. She is reported to be getting along nicely and expects to return soon. Mr. Hanson returned home from there today.

One of the tennis courts at the Gymnasium is nearly ready for service. This is a most delightful summer game and will be much enjoyed by the patrons of the "Gym."

A letter addressed to the Grayling Wood Products company wanted to know if that firm manufactured acetone. This is used in the manufacture of high explosives and this inquiry makes it appear that Italy may be getting ready for war.

Miss Hetty Balhoff arrived from Asheville, North Carolina the latter part of last week. Miss Balhoff, who is a trained nurse, has been caring for her father, Andrew Balhoff, who is at this southern city for his health. She left him getting along nicely and gaining in health every day. She spent a few days visiting her mother here before leaving for Bay City, where she will resume her work.

Rev. Kjolhede will leave for Lexington this week to attend the Kredsmoda, a meeting of all the ministers of the various churches held semi-annually and regularly at different towns and cities in the district. A young man who has been studying for the ministry will be ordained at this meeting. There will be no services in the Danish church next Sunday on account of Rev. Kjolhede's absence.

The chicken coop of J. M. Bunting was entered by chicken thieves last Sunday night and seven of his flock of thoroughbred Plymouth rocks were taken. As yet no trace has been found of them, but it is presumed that they were taken by tramps. Five chickens were taken from the Nels Michelson barns near their home last Friday night and were traced to the back of the Dowd factory, where they had been cleaned. The thieves are unknown.

Mrs. A. Eckenfels spent a part of last week visiting friends in Lewiston.

Must sell at once, new 4 room bungalow, cheap for cash. L. Fogel-songer. 4-22-1

Miss Helen Fitch of Mayville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Kuster for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Haire and little son came up from Bay City to visit at the home of his father, Hart Haire.

Mrs. Rolla Brink spent Sunday in Bay City visiting Mr. Brink, who is traveling salesman for the Bay City Grocery company.

It is cheaper to pay for ice than to have food stuffs perish and also much better for your health. Phone your order to 664. John J. Niederer.

Dan Moshier reported a rattlesnake killed by him Monday, measuring three feet and five inches. This was at his cattle ranch down the river.

Peter Peterson left Tuesday afternoon for Bay City, to visit his little daughter Marjorie, who makes her home with an aunt, Mrs. N. Platt.

A. B. Failing and daughter Francis returned home Tuesday from Dayton Ohio, after spending a couple of weeks visiting A. H. Wetz and family.

The town has been over-run with tramps during the past two weeks, and this may possibly account for the number of chicken park robberies during this time. Sheriff Cody requests that he or one of the other officers be notified when this class comes around begging for food and that an endeavor be made to detain them until an officer may arrive. Jail phone 77.

Ray Owen, who has been in the west for the past four years, has returned and expects to remain here for a time. He is very enthusiastic over the west and expects to go back in the fall. He left for Lovells this morning to visit his father, Geo. F. Owens, after spending several days with his sister, Mrs. H. C. Schmidt and brother, Glen Owen and families. He has been located at Smartsville, California. His many friends are glad to welcome him back.

Axel Kjolhede, son of Rev. Kjolhede of this city arrived last Thursday morning from Newell, Iowa. He was accompanied by his bride elect, Miss Matilda Christenson also of Newell, Iowa. They were quietly married at the Danish Lutheran church by Rev. Kjolhede Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. The happy couple remained until Saturday, when they left on the afternoon train for Grant, Mich., to visit Mr. Kjolhede's brother. From there they will return to Newell, Iowa, to make their home.

Mrs. Robert Robin was hostess to the ladies of the W. R. C. on Wednesday afternoon. There were about 25 of the ladies present and they were entertained with contests appropriate to the organization. The home was prettily decorated with American flags and small silk flags were given as favors. Later in the afternoon a splendid luncheon was served. Before leaving, Mrs. Knight presented Mrs. Robin with a gift in behalf of the society, as a token of their appreciation for the work she has accomplished as president of the Corp.

After careful consideration of the merits of optometry, the regents of the University of Michigan have decided to establish a two years' course in optometry in the department of physics, beginning with the fall term, providing a sufficient number can be secured at the opening attendance to guarantee the permanency of optometry at the University. The optometrists as well as the people of Michigan are to be congratulated upon the victory thus gained, after a three years' strenuous effort on the part of the former to bring this about. Similar courses have been established in several other state universities, Columbia university being the pioneer.

Mrs. Rolla W. Brink returned home from Saginaw Tuesday and is busy packing up their household goods preparatory to moving to that city. Mr. Brink is now a traveling salesman for the Bay City Grocery company, having for his territory the cities in the "Thumb" district and the cities in the eastern part of the state on the D. & M. railroad. We are indeed sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Brink and daughter Alice from our community. They have lived here many years and have countless friends who have the same regrets as ourselves in having to lose them. Should they ever feel like coming back to Grayling, we believe we speak the sentiments of almost everyone here in saying they will be most welcome. The well-wishes of our people will go with them.

Requested by Street Committee.

The street committee of the village of Grayling hereby make the following requests of the citizens of our community:

1. See that all rubbish in front and back yards is cleaned up.
2. Persons hauling wood from the mills are getting careless in letting wood fall into the streets. It is insisted that loose pieces of wood be kept out of the streets.
3. No dirt or sand may be put into the streets unless on permission granted by the street committee.
4. Draymen and others are cautioned about dumping rubbish in places other than those designated as the proper dumping grounds.

By Order of Street Committee,
L. HERRICK,
JOHN H. COOK,
GEO. W. McCULLOUGH.

FOR SALE—Household furniture. Inquire of Mrs. C. W. Eagles. Phone 1103.

Watch Me!

I'm a Lively Want Ad.



April showers won't stop me from helping you to move. I'll aid you in selecting another home. Look in my want ad. columns.

Teachers' Examination.

The county teachers' examination will be held April 29—May 1, 1915, at the court house in Grayling.

Questions in reading will be based on "The House of Seven Gables" by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Eighth grade examinations will be held May 13-14, 1915, in Frederic and Grayling.

Splendid for Rheumatism.

"I think Chamberlain's Liniment is just splendid for rheumatism," writes Mrs. Dunburgh, Eldridge, N. Y. "It has been used by myself and other members of my family time and time again during the past six years and has always given the best of satisfaction." The quick relief from pain which Chamberlain's Liniment affords is alone worth many times the cost. Obtainable everywhere. Adv.

Public Notice.

We have just received a notice from the State Health department calling our attention to the town dump. Same has been inspected and we find good roads leading in and out of said dump and therefore warn anyone found or caught dumping rubbish, etc., anywhere on this side of said dump will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

By order of the Common Council,
JULIUS NELSON,
Street Commissioner.

WANTS

Advertisements will be accepted under this heading at the rate of 5 cents per line. No adv. taken for less than 15 cents. There are about six words to the line. SEND MONEY WITH THE ORDER.

PUMPS and REPAIRS—Full stock on hand. Come in and see my line. Frank Deckrow.

FOR SALE—Good horse for farm work. Cheap if sold at once. Phone 872 or inquire of Mrs. R. L. Freeman. 4-22-15.

LOST—A pair of nose glasses and chain attached to vest spring. Finder please leave at Avalanche office.

BICYCLE FOR SALE—Practically new for sale cheap. Equipped with new Department coaster brake and Pennsylvania clincher tires. Phone 274. Oscar Deckrow. 4-22-15.

TEAM WORK WANTED—Ploughing, hauling and general work of all kinds. John Cook, near South side school, Grayling or leave orders at this office. 4-15-15.

CURES PARALYSIS—Frank Stoddard of Alpena says "I had a stroke of paralysis and got no relief from doctors. Then I took three bottles of John Koeligs tea and was cured." For sale by John Koelig, Welling-ton, Mich. 4-15-15.

FOUND—Gold ring. Owner may have same by applying to L. C. Bund-gard and proving property.

WANTED—700 boys to bring me old brass, copper, lead and rubber. Highest market price paid. F. R. Deckrow.

GIRL WANTED—For general house-work. Steady employment. Phone this office.

FOR SALE—Tablets, pens, pencils, ink for school work. Doris Deckrow, at the white brick store.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—From thoroughbred Barred Plymouth Rocks. As good as the best and better than the rest. Phone 713. J. M. Bunting. 3-25-15.

JUNK—Pick up your paper, rags, old rubbers, dry bones, copper boilers and tea kettles; (scrap iron no market at present.) Will call on you in a few days and pay you cash for all you have on hand. W. J. Graham, Rag Man. 3-18-15.

FOR SALE—Village lots and farm lands. Inquire of Mrs. H. Joseph. 3-11-15.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

From a small beginning the sale and use of this remedy has extended to all parts of the United States and to many foreign countries. When you have used of such a medicine give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and you will understand why it has become so popular for coughs, colds and croup. Obtainable everywhere. Adv.

Why in — don't you have your houses painted? It won't cost much and it would look a — sight better. NEMESUS NIELSEN.

Notice.

Now is the time to think about your paperhanging and decorating. See us now and have us reserve a certain time to do your work. We sell wall paper for 5 cents a roll and up. We hang wall paper for 15 cents a roll and up. First class work guaranteed. CONRAD G. SORENSON.

Cool as a Cucumber

is a phrase that aptly describes the man who wears

Stephenson Underwear

South Bend, Ind.,

Stephenson Union Suits don't draw or bunch up. The patented closed crotch prevents it. This crotch is made with a single gusset and can't lap over in folds. It is the most practical design ever put in a Union Suit and makes Stephenson Unions fit to perfection.

You'll like Stephenson athletic cut unions, too. The "give" back and "Elastic" Closed Crotch are made of spring needle web so that the garment yields to the wearer and doesn't have to be cut on "balloon patterns."

Salling, Hanson Co.

The Pioneer Store

An Auto for Some Grayling Boy or Girl

Contest is progressing fine

List of Contestants

Jack Brisboe	4,300
Milton Hathaway	3,015
Blanch Hodge	1,300
Sadie Garrison	965
Marius Insley	655
Billy Brennan	500
Earl Frary	390
Mrs. John Curler	335

Getting Ready for Company

quickly and without fuss or labor can be done when you order your

Cakes, Bread, Buns or Rolls

for tea. You can always order delicious fancy cakes, angel food, lady fingers, macaroons, tumbles or anything you need when you intend giving a tea party or reception. Tell the baker your troubles and he can save you much work and worry.

Model Grocery and Bakery

IF YOU WANT GOOD, FRESH GROCERIES

We Have the Goods

and it will pay you to place your order for fresh green vegetables with us. We specialize in Green Vegetables and handle the most complete line on the market. We will guarantee that your orders will be carefully selected from fresh and fancy goods consisting of

Oranges, all sizes	Asparagus
Grape Fruit	Green Onions
Lemons	Round Radishes
Apples	Leaf Lettuce
Bananas	Cucumbers
Pineapples	Parsley
	California Celery

Our Grocery line is, as usual, complete in all kinds of Fancy, Staple, Imported and Domestic. Call or use phone 25. We do the rest.

H. PETERSEN,

Your Grocer.

THE CRAWFORD AVALANCHE
Just the Newspaper that should be in
Every Home in this County.

An Interview With Mr. Ford



This is the most important advertisement I ever caused to be published—read every word—and then marvel.

On a personal visit to Mr. Ford I broached the subject of a possible August 1st rebate

The Ford Motor Company announced last year, as you will remember, that if their total sales reached 300,000 cars between August 1st, 1914, and August 1st, 1915, each purchaser during that period would receive back a fund of \$40 to \$60.

"Mr. Ford," I suggested, "is there anything I can say to our people with regard to the Ford Motor Company's 300,000 car rebate plan?"

"We shall sell the 300,000," was the quiet reply; "and in eleven months, a full month ahead of August first."

"Then a refund is practically assured?" "Yes—barring the totally unexpected. We are 50,000 to 75,000 cars behind orders today. Factory and branches are sending out 1,800 daily."

I then said to Mr. Ford, "If I could make a definite refund statement we would increase our local sales three hundred cars."

"You may say," was Mr. Ford's deliberate and significant reply to this, "you may say that we shall pay back to each purchaser of a Ford car, between August 1st, 1914, August 1st, 1915, barring the unforeseen, the sum of \$50. You may say that I authorized you to make this statement."

What can I add to the above? \$15,000,000 cash coming back to Ford owners! and to prospective Ford owners up to August 1st, 1915, it actually means: Ford touring cars for \$490—less the \$50 rebate. Ford runabouts for \$440 less the \$50 rebate! What is there left for me to say?

E. F. HUBBELL, General Manager

Hubbell Auto Sales Co. Inc.

All cars f. o. b. Detroit.

Saginaw and Bay City

George Burke

FREDERIC, MICHIGAN

Agent for Crawford and Northern
Roscommon Counties